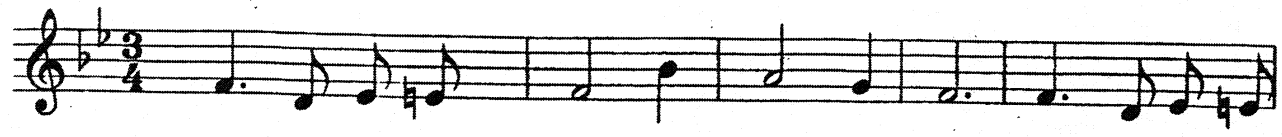


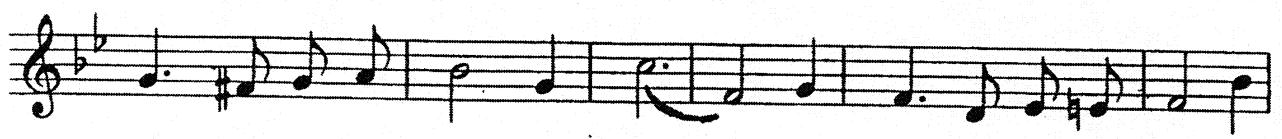
WILSON ALMA MATER  
by Virginia Coe (class of 1940)



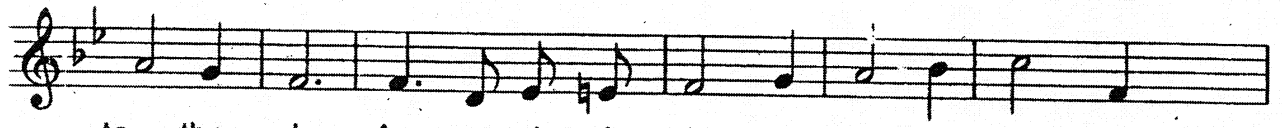
Where the i-vy green en- wraps the walls and the shadow



from the tow-er falls, Stands our alma ma-ter dear—A



shin- ing bea-con bright and clear— we'll shout our lus-ty prais-es



to the sky. As we sing for dear old Wil-son High. Where



ev-er we shall be We'll sing our loy-al-ty and



cheer our al- ma ma-ter on to vic- tor- y.